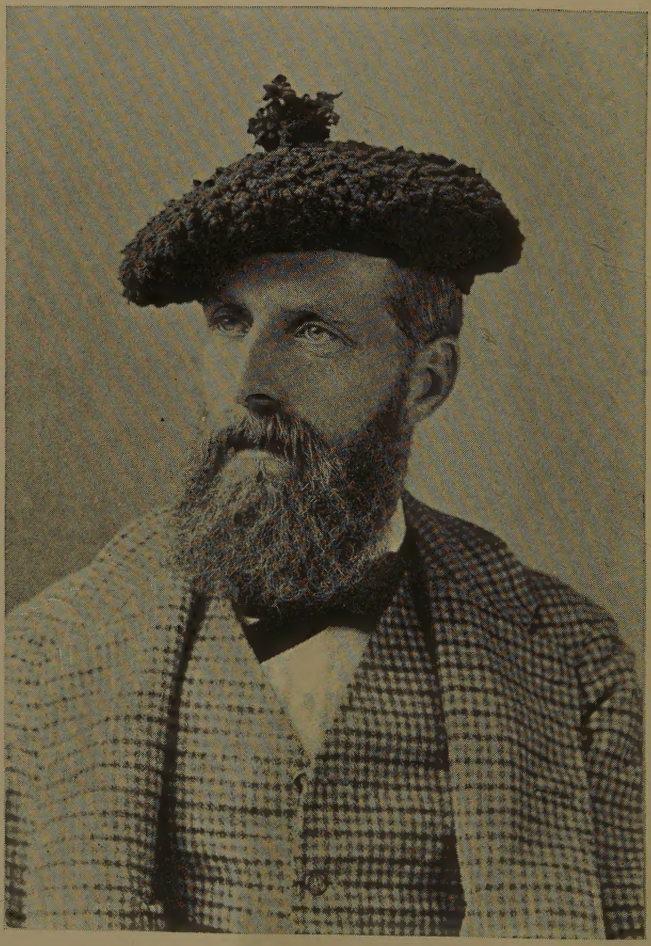
THE MASTER OF BLANTYRE



THE HONOURABLE WALTER STUART.

MASTER OF BLANTYRE.

THE

MASTER OF BLANTYRE

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MEMORIALS OF CAPTAIN HEDLEY VICARS," "ENGLISH HEARTS AND HANDS."
"THE LIFE OF THE REV. WILLIAM MARSH, D.D.," "IN MEMORIAM:
EVELYN, MARCHIONESS OF AILSA,"
&c. &c.

"Their examples reach a hand
Far through all years, and everywhere they meet
And kindle generous purpose, and the strength
To mould it into action pure as theirs."
TENNYSON.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS
London, Edinburgh, and New York

1895

TO

LORD BLANTYRE

AND HIS FAMILY,

WITH DEEPEST SYMPATHY.

In Memory

OF

WALTER STUART

MASTER OF BLANTYRE:

BY LORD POLWARTH

" *Clear in the western sky there shone a star,*
From the world's busy strife and war afar;
Its light it gathered from the distant sun,
And now 'tis vanished, for its work is done.
Yet still it shines within the splendour bright,
Which now enshrines the lesser in its light.
Each shining star, when night's dark reign is o'er,
Doth vanish for a while, then shines once more.

Thus from amidst the western hills has gone
A radiant star, which o'er those hills hath shone;
But lingering still in many a manly breast,
Its bright last beams will ever cherished rest.
So not one ray of heavenly light is lost,
For it is precious as the price it cost."

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	TO THE MEN OF GLENELG	7
II.	SPRING	11
III.	LIFE AT EILANREACH, 1892, 1893	15
IV.	LIFE AT EILANREACH, 1894	34
V.	GOING INTO HARBOUR	47
VI.	FAREWELL	59
VII.	A LAST MESSAGE	84
	ADDENDA	87

In Memoriam

THE HONOURABLE

WALTER STUART

MASTER OF BLANTYRE

ONLY SON OF

CHARLES STUART

12TH LORD BLANTYRE

AND OF

LADY EVELYN LEVESON-GOWER

SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE SECOND DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

BORN *July 17th*, 1851

DIED *March 15th*, 1895

"Such fine reserve and noble reticence,
Manners so kind, yet stately, such a grace
Of tenderest courtesy, . . . that gentleness
Which, when it weds with manhood, makes a man."

TENNYSON.

THE MASTER OF BLANTYRE

CHAPTER I

TO THE MEN OF GLENELG

"Where'er were wrongs to be righted,
Or sick to be soothed and upheld,
Or a generous deed lay hidden,
Or a generous purpose quelled;

He trod with a steadfast aspect
Through beauty, and weal, and ill,
And his eyes were lit, and his frame was knit,
By the strength of a constant will."

Author of "The Three Wakings," &c.

A GREAT sorrow is uniting our hearts. We are mourning with his father, his family, and his friends; for one who has just passed away from this world, in the prime of his noble manhood, the possessor of many earthly advantages, and with the prospect before him of a life of wide-spreading influence. Brave as a hero when

confronted with danger, and gentle as a woman to those whom he loved, the Master of Blantyre combined the strength of a resolute man, with the tender heart of a child.

It was not only his rare charm of manner and countenance that made him so attractive, it was yet more his genuine kindness to every one who came within his reach. He was one of the cheeriest of companions, the most steadfast of friends, and the most generous of masters. Even his dogs and cats led the happiest of lives, sharing his meals, his rooms, his walks, and his kind caresses.

You must all have known his daily life of hardship; his habit of rising at four o'clock in the morning, and his manly endurance, when through long sultry summer days, or winter's piercing blasts, he followed his sheep on the mountains, working as hard as any of his shepherds; or when, in his yacht on the seas, he took part with his sailors—fearless and calm in the wild storms that suddenly rise and rage, along the beautiful coasts of the North-Western Highlands.

The sight of his yacht was the signal of help at hand for weary fishermen, who, after

nights of toil, were making their homeward way, slowly and painfully, against the swiftly rushing tide in the Narrows; for, with kindly words, he would take their boats in tow, and bid the men rest. When he was not on board, his men would do the same, saying, as one of them did to us some two years ago, when we were on his yacht, "The Master has bidden us always give all the help we can to the boats—he is so kind to every one."

Last summer, when we were with him in his yacht, I recollect his waiting for some time off the point where the Strome Ferry road comes down to Loch Alsh, until he saw two of his shepherds, and their dogs, trudging along with tired feet, and then sending a boat to bring them on board, that instead of the toilsome walk over the mountain, he might give them the rest of the little voyage.

And you will remember, too, that when his shepherd Ewen Cameron lost his wife, the Master took his yacht to Loch Hourn, and brought back the funeral, with the mourning husband and little children, showing them the kindest sympathy; and how constant was

his care of poor Ewen afterwards, during his long, last illness—and you will easily recall countless other instances of his ever-thoughtful kindness, and considerate generosity, for, like his Blessed Lord and Master—

> "He did kind things so kindly,
> It was his heart's delight
> To make all round him happy,
> From morning until night."

In the following chapters of this little book, you will be reminded of what the Master told you, of his finding Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and of "the power of an endless life" which God had begun in our beloved friend, from the moment of his receiving the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

CHAPTER II

SPRING

"Now, every bird and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim His glorious victory,
His resurrection power;
Thus, let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
Christ died and rose for me."

THE winter of 1890–91 was passing away, the buds of the coming leaves were purpling the trees, and Spring, that loveliest of seasons, was speaking of the Resurrection-hope and the new creation. Just then two letters, like the promise of Spring, when

"Again the Heavenly Power
Makes all things new:"

came to me from the Master of Blantyre, whom I had met, in his early youth, at Dunrobin. I had often prayed for him, especially since the time when he had written

to me for sympathy in his sorrow at the death of his sister, and my most dear young friend, Lady Ailsa.* He wrote:—

"Is not that a wonderful promise, in the first of Isaiah: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Can it be true for every one?"

Soon afterwards he wrote again:—

"Very many thanks for your kind, thoughtful letter. It helped to bring home to me how terrible our shortcomings towards God are; how we are apt to grudge even the few minutes we give to Him, from our worldly occupations, and yet take all His love to us, and His blessings, so much as a matter of course, without a thought of the great Giver;" and he concluded his letter by telling of his earnest desires for the good of his motherless young nephews and niece, Cassillis, Charlie, Angus, and Aline Kennedy.

That summer, our holiday plans were decided by our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sholto Douglas, urging us to take a charming

* Evelyn, Marchioness of Ailsa, died July 26, 1888.

manse on the shores of Loch Alsh, within easy reach of Balmacara, their Highland home.

On the second Sunday of our stay at Loch Alsh, when we came out after the morning service in Mr. Douglas's little church at Balmacara, the Master of Blantyre came forward to meet us, and that afternoon he spent with us at the Manse. He had then passed more than a year of firm resolve, and of steadfast self-denial; yet he told me, when we were alone together, that though he was seeking after God, he felt Him to be afar off; and that he was still unhappy.

"And yet, He tells you, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love': loved you 'before the highest part of the dust of the world was made'"—(we were looking upon the mountains, as we talked together;)—"and His blessed Son has loved you, and given Himself for you. His human Heart would be disappointed, if you would not believe Him."

Then we turned to the Bible, and, as far as I can recollect, the following passages were those we read:—

"God so loved the world, that He gave

His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." *

"God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." †

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." ‡

And when, after prayer, he said good-bye, there was in his eyes a dawn of heavenly hope.

Before we left Loch Alsh, the Master came to spend another Sunday afternoon with us.

Already the clouds were rolling away, before the rising sun. Already, like Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," he had had a sight of the Cross, his burden was falling off, quickly to be lost in the sepulchre, and soon, with Christian, he also was able to say, "He hath given me rest, by His sorrow, and life, by His death."

"Blest cross, blest sepulchre! blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me."

* John iii. 16. † Rom. v. 8. ‡ John i. 12.

CHAPTER III

LIFE AT EILANREACH

1892, 1893.

"Shine, that the world without may know
Of springs in secret welling,
Of a changeless peace for all below,
In His secret Presence dwelling:
Thy life is hid with Christ in God
Henceforth, in Him abiding,
Thy light must shine upon the road,
Homeward and heavenward guiding."

—E. E.

FROM that autumn began a constant correspondence with the Master of Blantyre, which never flagged whilst his life lasted.

On October 13th he wrote:—

"It has been such a pleasure to me having your kind letters; so very many thanks for them.

"I was so glad to meet you again, and though the little time we had together was so short, it was very precious to me. At times I feel God comes near, and listens

to my prayers, and I do *keep on* asking Him.

"I found my dear father very well; and so full of God's work, with his Mission Hall, his better houses for the poor, and making plans for a couple of Convalescent Homes, one for women, and one for men.

"My poor sister Ellen is feeling the loss of her little child greatly, but God will comfort her."

Later in the same year, the Master wrote of the men then in his employ:—

"They are a most temperate set; many of them abstain entirely, and they all know my notions about it. One man I took on about a year ago, who was turned out of his last place for drinking, has not, I think, lost a day's work owing to his former failing, since coming to me."

Early in January 1892, through storms at sea and snows on land, the Master came to us from his far-away Highland home, Eilanreach, on the beautiful bay of Glenelg, facing the bold coast of Skye. He could only stay for a few short days of Christian help and fellowship, and happy days they

were. He was athirst for the reading of God's Word and for prayer, and was ardently desiring the spiritual good of his people, and their pleasure also. He was full of schemes for them, and, amongst other things, he was taking back a magic-lantern with slides illustrating the "Pilgrim's Progress," which he meant to show and explain to them, in the long winter evenings.

Never did he seem to think of himself for one moment, nor to make anything of the sacrifice of his own ease or pleasure, if thus he could give any comfort, or be of any help to others.

In April he wrote:—

"It is cold and stormy weather here now —fresh snow on the hill-tops. I am just in for a little rest, but must be off to the hills again. We go out first about half-past three A.M." And at another time: "Just a line only to-day, I am so busy with a hundred and one things. I often think, when coming home after a stormy, cold day on the hills, how little we think of, and how little we thank Him for, all His wonderful blessings to us."

On June 12th he wrote:—

"Last Thursday was our Fast Day; and to-day we had the Sacrament, and a very good sermon from Isaiah liii. 3. It is a chapter I am so fond of, and of the 6th verse especially.

"Yes, you are aware how gladly I shall join in prayer for those you are seeking and praying for."

On June 30th Mrs. Sholto Douglas wrote:—

"I know you will like to hear of our visit to the Master. We arrived by the steamer at eleven o'clock at night, and found him so well and cheerful, so hospitable and kind. We had a most delightful Sunday at Eilanreach; the Master wrote to you about it, I know. The little church was full, and Sholto preached in the morning on 'Come, for all things are now ready,' and in the evening on the sacrifice of the two birds, in Leviticus xiv., 'Delivered, for our offences, and raised again, for our justification'; and he showed the difference between forgiveness (in which there must of necessity be a recollection of sin) and justification, which is to be, *in Him*

who stands for us before the throne, pronounced guiltless."

Towards the end of July a Mission was held at Glenelg, arranged for by the Master, and, in his own words, "the parish minister* going along with me."

On the 24th he wrote:—

"Pray that the Mission here may be of use, and help some to know God's *wonderful* mercy and love;" and on the 31st: "We had our first meeting yesterday evening at the school, only a small number; but God will help us yet, I am sure. To-day, in the church, we had more, and a good many tourists. Mr. Grant, the missionary, spoke very nicely and plainly, describing Job, his grand character, and his steadfastness to God through all his trials. Through the week he will have Gaelic services in the schoolhouse, and I hope that the visiting of the cottages will bring the people out to them. I know you are asking God to bless this Mission; of course, this busy time of the year is against it. The winter would be much better for it.

* Rev. Alexander Mactaggart.

"I shall miss the Douglases much. I have had three very happy Sundays with them."

Whilst the Mission was going on, he wrote again, on August 4th :—

"The last two nights of the Mission the people came out capitally; God is with us, and helping us, I am sure. Mr. Grant is a very pleasant, bright young fellow, and has plenty of Gaelic; he has just passed as a doctor, which helps him much. To-night we have a meeting on the Skye side, just opposite. The ice is now broken. I think the visitation of their houses has done a great deal of good, and they see it is their welfare we are seeking.

"Dear Mrs. Ellice, Invergarry, is here. I have known her all my life; she is now about seventy-four, but so active and full of energy. Albert Baillie is here also; he is a clergyman, and he gave us such a nice, simple, earnest address this morning, and will give another address this evening."

On the last day of the Mission, the Master wrote :—

"So many thanks for your remembering us here, in prayer. We had another

very pleasant meeting this morning in the church, and finish this little Mission this evening in the Free Church. The people have come out to it very much better than I expected. God has helped us greatly."

On August 26th he wrote:—

"I wish I could have met you at Cullen, but have a lot of work, and am very busy. Uncle Argyll turned up here yesterday; very pleasant seeing him again. It brought back old times, much, to me. I hope Ellen may come here with Hilda about the middle of next month."

In the following September, we went again to Loch Alsh.

The Master of Blantyre came over at once, to give us his cheery welcome. His countenance told clearly of the peace which he had found, and then, as ever after, he was gladly ready for reading the Bible, and for prayer; nor would he have been content to close that happy afternoon without it.

His Christian character partook of the charm of his natural character, in its warm-hearted and frank straightforwardness. "The fear of man, that bringeth a snare," was

utterly unknown to him. In his conversation, and in his letters, there was an entire lack of any conventional term or religious phrase; and even those who might not agree with him on all points, could hardly fail to be attracted and impressed by the manliness and simplicity of his faith, and its extremely practical results.

We met him several times during our stay, and he had asked us to spend Sunday September 25th at Eilanreach.

On Saturday the 24th a heavy storm came on; nevertheless, just before sunset the whistle was heard in front of the Manse, and from the shore we could dimly see, through the driving rain, the yacht pitching and tossing, and the Master signalling how impossible it was for him to land, or for a boat to be launched to take us on board.

As night came on the violence of the gale increased, lashing the waves into fury. But prayer was answered, and the little yacht was kept in safety. She stayed all night under the shelter of Skye, until, with the morning, the storm had abated sufficiently to allow of landing at Eilanreach.

Happily we had another Sunday left, so, when Saturday came, the Master's plan was carried out.

Loch Alsh was looking its loveliest when we crossed it with him on that still October morning. The gleaming red and gold of autumnal tints, where its shores are wooded, the grey rocks and crags of its rugged hills, and the dark green of its sombre firs, were reflected in its shining waters.

Far away to the right, the broken and fantastic outline of the grand and desolate Coolins, showed clear beneath the glowing light of noon; but too soon they were lost sight of, as the yacht sped swiftly under the great shoulder of Skye, and faster still through the Narrows of Kyle Rhea, where the tide rushes like a mighty river, and out into the beautiful bay of Glenelg; where we landed on the beach below Eilanreach, and walked to the house. As we drew near it, one after another the Master's dogs came bounding along to meet him, showing every sign of delight that he had come back; and slowly following came a poor old dog, who, though deaf and blind, yet still knew the

touch of his Master's kind hand, and seemed quite content if he could only be near him.

Our pleasant evening ended, as usual, with a Bible-reading together.

The next morning we went to the church at Glenelg, where Mr. Mactaggart had asked my nephew* to take the morning service. As he preached from Psalm xl. 1–3—the prayer heard, the great deliverance wrought, the new song put into the mouth of the redeemed one, and its blessed results for others—the Master listened with deep attention.

In the evening the dining-room was filled with the men and women of the place and neighbourhood, and a few strangers. Mr. Mactaggart opened the meeting with prayer, and the passage of Scripture chosen was 1 Peter ii. 4—the whole Christian life described in three words, "To Whom coming," first for salvation, and ever after, for grace, comfort, strength, joy, and fellowship, all through life, and then for eternity.

Throughout that autumn and winter, the Master's letters were full of his anxiety about, and plans for, the good of all around him.

* Rev. Henry O'Rorke.

On November 6th he wrote:—

'Our minister gave us a very nice sermon this morning, on the prodigal son, and the wonderful love of God to us. Undoubtedly he is greatly deepening in earnestness.

"The little Reading-room will be ready for the roof to-morrow. In God's goodness He may let us have a Bible-reading in it, from you next summer. It will hold 200 seated."

On November 29th the Reading-room was opened; and about this time a friend of Mr. Douglas, Mr. Davidson of Inchmarlo, who, with his wife and family, had been spending some weeks at Balmacara, offered to have some meetings at Glenelg. In a letter of Mr. Davidson's to Lady Baird on March 17, 1895, he wrote:—

"My wife and I were with the Master at the opening of the Reading-room, and I shall never forget the night that a man (who had worked at the hall) was led to Christ, and told the Master so: on our way home he stopped on the road, and said, 'The room is paid for; the room is more than paid for.'"

On December 14th the Master wrote:—

"Last night, at the meeting, I told the people that I had found Christ over a year ago, and what a blessing, rest, and peace it was,—in the hope it may encourage others to come out and own Him openly."

The Master arranged to continue the Mission for the winter, first by having addresses given by different speakers in the Reading-room, and afterwards by engaging the services of an excellent lay missionary, Mr. Robert Cairns, of the Scottish Branch of the London Evangelisation Society, with the cordial approval of Mr. Mactaggart.

On December 20th he wrote:—

"Yesterday we buried poor Ewen Cameron's wife; we brought her from Loch Hourn with the launch. He is sorely broken down, left with six young children. She died perfectly happy in Christ, and I think Christ will find him too."

On December 23rd:—

"I hope that the Douglases will be here next week, as she writes. It would be very nice to have them, and to hear him speaking, he speaks so straight and clearly."

The year 1893 opened very brightly for the Master of Blantyre.

On January 3rd he wrote:—

"Just a line to tell you good news. They kept the New Year here yesterday, and, what has never been before, there was not a single drunken man to be seen in the village. What a blessing!"

All who live in Glenelg will know how much he cared for their prosperity and comfort, and how earnestly he desired their spiritual welfare. And I know, from his letters, how earnestly he sought prayer for it, from those to whom he told of his deep desire that there should be changed hearts, followed by changed lives.

In February the Master wrote from Erskine:—

"It is such a pleasure being at home again, finding my dear father so much better, and having Aline here. Gerty is here also, and now my sister Ellen has come, so I have seen them all again. How good God is to me!"

Throughout two winters, and on into the early spring of each year, Mr. Cairns's Mission

was continued, the Master taking an unflagging interest in all that was being done.

On March 26th he wrote :—

"We are having some capital weather, nice and dry, so, very busy with spring farm work. Do tell me how you thought the Bairds; I am so anxious for a good account of David's health."

Summer brought no lessening of the Master's work, nor leisure to his active life.

On July 9th he wrote :—

"I have a letter from dear Lady John, asking if I can look her up at Thurso. Alas! it is impossible. Have every day full for the next fortnight. Have just got through the first gatherings for clippings, and am going to Inverness on Friday for wool market, but here again Saturday; and Monday commence the inspection of the schools with the Inspector. School inspection will take most of next week, the schools are so scattered, and hard to get at. As I am chairman of the Board, I like to attend.

"Do you like the enclosed card? I am giving them about."

The following is a copy of the card alluded

to. The Master had it also printed in Gaelic, for distribution in the Highlands: *—

SIX SHORT RULES.

1*st*. Never neglect daily private prayer, and when you pray remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers. (Heb. xi. 6.)

2*nd*. Never neglect daily private Bible-reading, and when you read remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. (John v. 39.)

3*rd*. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Christ; every night reflect upon what He has done for you, and then ask yourself: "What am I doing for Him?" (Matt. v. 13–16.)

4*th*. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. (2 Cor. x. 12.) Ask yourself: "What would Christ do in my place?" and strive to follow Him. (John x. 27.)

* The rules, in Gaelic, will be found on page 95.

5*th.* If you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it; if you cannot do this it is wrong. (Rom. xiv. 23.)

6*th.* Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself: "Can what I feel be true?" and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar. (Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10, 11.)

Later on in July, he wrote:—

"So many thanks for your blessing for my birthday, and for those books. Your dear wish, that *He* may 'fulfil in me all the good pleasure of His goodness, and the work of faith with power, that the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in me, and I *in Him*,' is *all* I could have wished for. I trust we may soon meet now at Castle Grant, where I hope you will find Gerty and her three children."

A fortnight later we were meeting there. When the Master came it was like a breeze from his beloved sea, and like sunshine too. Full of cheeriness with all, his spirits rose like a boy's when he played with his little

nephew and nieces. No one could say that his religion had made him gloomy or morose! He came to rejoice and to refresh us all.

Yet, his gaiety of heart in no way lessened his reverent delight in searching the Scriptures, and conversing about them.

On Sunday evening, August 13th, Lady Seafield threw open her dining-room, for a Bible-reading, and surely those who were present, will not easily forget the depth of feeling, with which the Master read the passage chosen:—

REVELATION XXI. 4–7.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

"And He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And He said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.

"And He said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."

On September 10th he wrote, after reading an unpublished sketch of the great and good Lord Shaftesbury:—

"What good it does one even to read of the wonderful lot of good Lord Shaftesbury did in his time! What an immensity of work he must have gone through! So many thanks for the little book.

"It is not to many that one could apply Lord Polwarth's motto for him, 'Faithful in all things, and fearing God above others.'"

On hearing of the death of Sir Arthur Blackwood, the Master, with his ever-ready sympathy, wrote on October 10th:—

"I can well understand *what* a blank it makes to you, losing such a friend as he must have been to you. How many, too, will mourn, and miss his helpful, kindly letters, and words of encouragement!

"You have given me such nice little books,

dear Marny; I am now reading 'Forgiveness, Life, and Glory.'"

"Whilst yachting in Scotland, in the autumn of 1893," writes the Rev. Laurence Blair, "we anchored in Loch Alsh; and I walked over to Eilanreach, to see the Master of Blantyre. I found him at home, and in the course of conversation, I happened to mention that I had no supply of books on board, to give to the men on the yacht, and I shall never forget with what eagerness he searched for various tracts and books for these men. I wish he could have seen how his books were received on board, and that he could have heard the men eagerly asking for more of such literature, for I could see that his heart yearned for these men (though he had never seen them) to come to Christ."

CHAPTER IV

LIFE AT EILANREACH

1894.

"How happily the working days
In Christ's dear service fly;
How rapidly the closing hour
The time of rest, draws nigh!"

At the opening of 1894 the Master wrote:—

"God seems very much nearer to me at times than at other times, but I *know now* that I can *trust* Him thoroughly."

The Master was at Erskine again towards the end of January, and on the 20th of that month he wrote:—

"I have found my kind father remarkably well, and my dear sister too. I am thinking of starting for Africa, to see that new piece England has lately got. It must be a fine country, from all accounts.

"We had a most capital address from a Glasgow gentleman in the Mission Hall here,

on 'Eternity.' There was a good attendance of people."

Soon after, the Master returned to Eilanreach, to resume his life of hard work.

On February 11th he wrote:—

"As the spring comes on, so does the work also, and with this climate it is not easy. I shall be glad to get to a better one, though parting with the few friends I have will be a sorrow; but it is a world of sorrows. . . . May God grant your prayers, for the many you are asking for.

"Still this everlasting stormy weather, blowing nearly as hard as it can.

"We are to have our united meeting, Tuesday, and I am looking forward to it much. It may be a means, in the future, for carrying on services there, to help the people here, after I have left. Ask Him for His blessing on it. I have asked Him much to bless it."

The Master's intention of travelling in Africa was soon abandoned, for he felt he could not go to so great a distance from his beloved father.

Again our summer holiday was to be

spent at Loch Alsh, but this time at Balmacara.

On March 23rd the Master wrote:—

"We are having some capital dry days now; it puts new life into one, after the stormy wet weather of the past eight months. Balmacara will be a pleasant place for you, the house is so sunny.

"A sad drowning accident in Loch Alsh. Two men from opposite, were coming home in a small boat last Saturday evening, an old man, a teacher—and a youngish man. We dragged on Monday and Tuesday for them, got boat and oars, but not the bodies.

"My missionary, good Mr. Cairns, leaves on Monday, as all are getting busy with spring work. Both Free Church ministers most friendly."

The return of his cousins, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, to their home at Dunrobin Castle, was a great pleasure to the Master of Blantyre. He was staying there in the month of May, and when he was returning home, he had a narrow escape from drowning.

On May 6th he wrote:—

"My launch, when coming to meet me at Strome Ferry on Friday last, suddenly sprung a leak, and sank in ten minutes, only giving men time to get clear of her. Cannot account for it at all. How merciful of God not allowing it to happen when I had many on board, or when far out at sea, or on a rough day! There would not have been a chance of rescue in the little 'dingy.' How good He is!"

On May 17th he wrote:—

"Many thanks for your letter. Harry seems thoroughly liking his mission. I read a very interesting book the other day, called 'The Log of a Sky Pilot.' He ought to read it.

"Yes, you will miss the children, all of you, even the noise of them!

"Not any further word from Cannes about my Aunt Ferrand, but wish I may get better news soon."

That midsummer, the Master's most dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sholto Douglas, stayed with him at Eilanreach, as was their wont, when on their way to Balmacara, so that again he enjoyed their helpful and pleasant society, and Mr. Douglas's soul-stirring preaching, in

the church at Glenelg. And often, when they were at Balmacara, their yacht, the graceful little *Skean Dhu*, might be seen steaming into the lovely bay, when their whistle would quickly bring the Master down to the shore, with his bright smile and his hearty welcome.

In the first week of August he went to Cullen House to see his aunt, Lady Seafield, to whom his deep attachment was almost like that of a son. And as a son indeed he had been to her, from the time that the light went out from her widowed life, when her only child, the most loving and devoted of sons, died, in the flower of his manhood, after a brief illness.*

From that day forward, and especially through the first years of her bereavement, the Master sought in every way to fill the place left vacant; helping her, with his excellent business capacity, in carrying out the many and heavy duties which had de-

* Ian Charles, Earl of Seafield, died March 31, 1884. He was using the influence that wealth and position gave him, in benevolent works, and in God's service; when his almost sudden call came, he was ready to go, saying, "Father, not my will, but Thine, Thine, Thine."

volved upon her, and alleviating, by his tender sympathy, the loneliness of her sorrow.

His was indeed—

> "A heart at leisure from itself,
> To soothe and sympathise;"

and, as his youngest sister wrote, "even people who only met him for a few minutes were attracted to him."

During that visit to Cullen he met this loved sister, Mrs. Gladstone, and her children, much to their delight, for to his young nephews and nieces, he was a most pleasant uncle.

On the 6th of August our large family party went to Balmacara.

As the train came into Strome Ferry station, the Master's yacht was seen anchored in Loch Carron, ready to take any who would prefer a voyage to a drive; and on the morning of the 8th the Master came himself, with his warm and delightful welcome.

He had only an hour or two to spare, as he was expecting the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland in their yacht at any moment. He was, as ever, ready to enjoy a chapter in the Bible and prayer, and

then hastened to Eilanreach, which he reached just in time to receive his cousins, and, later in the day, he went with them in their yacht to Strome, just stopping to give us a salutation as they passed Balmacara.

We had many a pleasant day in the Master's yacht, and whenever he was able, he came himself, doubling the enjoyment.

On August 21st he wrote:—

"I will be over with the boat to-morrow afternoon to bring you all here.

"Just come back from taking Aunt Seafield from Cullen to Castle Grant, and left her well this morning. I hope Aunt Georgie will be there soon, and old Sir Patrick Grant too."

On August 28th he wrote:—

"Alas! the bright weather has changed to clouds to-day; but what a help those good days were to us, for the crops, and everything! I am very busy with sheep-work, early and late."

On August 30th he wrote:—

"I am looking for you for Sunday week. Would Mr. O'Rorke preach in the church in the morning? And you will give another

Bible-reading here in the evening, dear Marny. Bring Ashley, also, with you."

But an unexpected difficulty arose. Something went wrong with the boiler of the launch, and on September 2nd the Master wrote:—

"The new engineer can make nothing of it; so I have wired to Arbroath, where the engine was made, to send a man on at once." And on the 4th: "If we cannot get the launch to bring you, we must try a small boat, and, except it blows a gale, I think there will be no difficulty in getting you all over here on Saturday." But on the 7th he wrote again:—

"I hope to be with you between two and three o'clock to-morrow. They are working at the launch to-night."

The next day, in fair weather, the Master came, though not without some difficulty, for at times the yacht seemed much more inclined to stand still, than to come on.

That Sunday morning had a cloudless dawn, and through all that lovely day sunshine was poured down from heaven, within and without.

Very exquisite is the scenery between Eilanreach and the church at Glenelg. After crossing the swift river that runs down the glen, and past the house, bearing on its glittering surface flocks of water-fowl, the road winds round under the green hills on the right, leaving behind the grander mountains that shelter Eilanreach, and comes out upon the bay, across whose blue and sparkling waters, rise the mountains of Skye.

Mr. Mactaggart had gone to a distance, to help another minister at the Communion season, according to the Highland custom. So Mr. O'Rorke conducted the service, and preached from the question asked in 1 Sam. xxx. 13, "To whom belongest thou?" with the answer in Mark ix. 41, "Ye belong to Christ."

By six o'clock the dining-room was filled by between ninety and a hundred of those in the neighbourhood, whom the Master had invited to come to the Bible-reading. The 100th Psalm was sung, and Mr. O'Rorke opened the meeting with prayer, and the passage of Scripture read was 1 John iii. 1–3 :—

"Behold, what manner of love the Father

hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew Him not.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.

"And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

Quietly and happily, with heart to heart converse about the things of God and of heaven, the last of those blessed evenings in Walter Stuart's delightful company had passed away, to return on earth no more, for ever.

During his last autumn and winter the Master was more than ever devoted in his care for the welfare of all around; and the Holy Spirit was deepening his love for the Bible.

On September 30th he wrote:—

"Yes, what a chapter 1 Peter i. is, to *dwell* on! You will be speaking on it to-night at dear Lady John's. Give her all

kindest messages from me. I wish I could have gone to her."

On October 24th he wrote:—

"Last night a poor old woman went a-missing. She had gone to the hills to look for her cows. Her people did not come here till this morning between five and six A.M., when we at once turned out to search the hill. She had seemingly fallen over a rock, poor creature, and then died of exposure to the weather, for it was a most stormy night. What a sad end! We have had intense frost, but last twenty-four hours wind and rain."

Later, in November, he wrote:—

"The days are now so short, one seems to have less time than ever to get through one's work, and the weather is so stormy and wet.

"Baldie is come, well and active. It is a pleasure to have him. He will take the Communion with me next Sunday."

On December 2nd he wrote:—

"The new steamer* not home yet; expect her next month. Baldie here till Friday

* A large steam-yacht which the Master was having built at this time.

next. We are to have some magic-lantern services shortly; the doctor and Mr. Watson, the Free Church minister, will work them."

Returning one dark December morning, from his work among his sheep on the mountains, the Master saw, through the dining-room window, his nephew, Cassillis, breakfasting by the light of a lamp and a blazing fire, at the respectable hour of half-past seven. Calling from the outside, with his pleasant voice and light laugh, he said—

"What! only just at it, Baldie! Why, the day is half over!"

On December 21st he wrote:—

"It is seemingly going to be a very mild Christmas. What a blessing for those with little fire, and few comforts!

"We have had some very stormy, rough weather, and the old launch broke adrift from her moorings, and is stranded high on the beach.

"Very many happy returns of Christmas to you and yours."

And on the 30th of December he wrote:—

"Many, many thanks for your letters, the 'In Memoriam' of Sir Arthur Blackwood,

and the other little books. How kind of you thinking of me, dear Marny! It is a great pleasure thinking of you, with your loved ones all with you.

"The post last night brought three days letters, which had been storm-stayed at Loch Alsh.

"It is a sad Christmas for many a one; so much loss of life at sea; nineteen poor fellows from the Lewis amongst them."

A few days later, there came the following words (from a little book, sent to him for the New Year, the last sentence underlined by his own hand)—like the sound of a distant passing-bell, with a single gleam from a glowing sunset:—

> "'Safe in His holding, I fear not
> To launch on an unknown sea;
> The King of all Heaven is with me,
> The God of Eternity.'

"When we pass through the Valley to the water's brink, where the firmest grasp of the tenderest hand must be unclasped, and the voices that never failed to bring us the comfort of love must cease to be heard, at that solemn moment JESUS CHRIST WILL BE OUR ALL IN ALL."

CHAPTER V

GOING INTO HARBOUR

"My bark is wafted to the strand
By Breath Divine:
And on the helm there rests a Hand
Other than mine.

One Who has known in storms to sail
I have on board;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall:
If sharp, 'tis short: if long, 'tis light:
He tempers all.

Safe to the Land—safe to the Land,
The end is this:
And then, with Him, go hand in hand,
Far into bliss."

THE year 1895 opened gloomily. Intense cold, fearful storms, with great loss of life by sea and on land; many a heart broken—many a home left desolate, and great suffering amongst the poor.

The Master's letters were full of sympathy

for the sufferers; and he was eagerly looking forward to the completion of his large yacht, by which he meant to bring relief to the cottagers and crofters around him.

On February 1st he wrote:—

"Still this severe storm, snow, east wind, and bitterly cold. Very hard on the poor people, and on the stock, too. But glad to say I expect to get delivery of my new boat this next week.

"My father told me of, and I have got now, a magazine called *Things to Come*. It is very helpful, I think, in explaining passages in the Bible."

There was an added reason for his longing to get his yacht; he was looking forward, by means of it, to frequent visits to Erskine, to see his beloved and honoured father and his dear sister. To her he said, when he was last there, "You will often see me looking you up now."

But short-lived was this happiness. He made three voyages of twenty hours each, in the new yacht, between Eilanreach and the Clyde, round the Mull of Cantyre, in the terribly cold weather; and as he com-

manded the vessel himself, he always took his four hours' turn on the bridge, with his second captain, by day and by night. Thus the fatal chill was taken. He who lived for others, without a thought of self, literally laid down his life for them; and to that heroic nature, no other ending of life could have been so welcome.

With his usual hardihood he battled with the illness, and though utterly unfit for it, went in his yacht to Loch Hourn to see some of his people, and to take much-needed provisions to Arnisdale.

A severe accession of suffering on Saturday, February 23rd, compelled him to give in, though at first it seemed to yield to the treatment of Dr. Hislop. The same evening Mr. Mactaggart saw the Master, and wrote to me that night: "I found him very ill, but so happy,—in perfect peace;" and on the 27th he wrote again: "I am arranging meetings for prayer. May his precious life be spared for many, many years! May God give him back to us all, in answer to our prayers; they are constantly ascending for him to the Throne on high."

Our first intimation of his illness, came from himself, in the following telegram to me:—

"Am laid up with lung; hence delay in writing. Pray that strength be given me to follow His will, whatever it may be.

"Will advise you as I go on. Have every attention here. EILANREACH."

From that hour we, with all who loved him, lived in prayer for him till the end.

On Sunday morning, the 24th, the Master felt so much better that he would not allow the doctor to be sent for. But later in the day he told Mr. Cowan, his devotedly attached secretary, to go and fetch him, as he "thought it was getting serious," adding, with characteristic unselfishness, "Tell him, if he has any other cases on hand, he is not to come till he has seen to them."

When Dr. Hislop saw the Master, he decided at once to send for a nurse, and telegraphed also for Dr. Heron Watson from Edinburgh; who came, stayed for one night, and took a hopeful view of his case. Then, for some days, all went well; the daily tele-

grams told of good nights, and returning strength, and the hearts of all who were praying for him, were filled with hope and thanksgiving.

On March 4th he wrote to his father:—

"God has made everything so peaceful to me, and has been so near; and when the pain, at times, seemed more than I could support, I called on Him, and He has so helped me."

On the same day he sent pencilled notes to his dear friends, Lady John Scott, Mr. Sholto Douglas, and others. To me also he wrote, closing with the words:—

"This has been such a peaceful time, dearest Marny; God has seemed so near to me *all through*.—Your affectionate

"WALTER."

Once more, on the 10th of March—his last Sabbath on earth—he wrote me a letter which showed more clearly than ever, how deep was the Holy Spirit's work in his soul, and how low he was lying at his Saviour's feet.

That day he felt so much better, that he

even talked of going out for a little while on Monday.

But alas for all our hopes! On that sad Monday, "the treacherous east wind," wrote his kind nurse,* "penetrated the house; the Master caught a severe chill, and had to return to his bed, with high temperature, and a shivering fit."

Dr. Hislop was sent for, and told the Master that he considered him very ill again; and he replied, "I suppose it is the Lord's will to take me this time, and I feel quite happy and ready to go."

Dr. Hislop then telegraphed for Dr. Arthur Forsyth from Inverness, who came by a special train, and remained at Eilanreach.

The Master's state was now most precarious, already weakened by his recent attack, but his courage, his faith, and his patience never failed. Once, when some one said to him, how much he was suffering, he replied, "Suffering? Oh no! nothing at all, to what my Saviour suffered for me."

During the earlier part of his illness, Mrs. Hislop, who had kindly sat up with the Master,

* Miss Wilson, Inverness.

the night before the nurse arrived, used often to come and read to him. Some of his favourite passages were: Psalm xlvi., 1 John ii. 25, 28, 1 John iii. and v., Romans viii., 1 Peter i. and iv.; and he also liked selections from "Under His Shadow," by Frances Ridley Havergal, and a hymn called "Rest."

REST.

"It was Thy will, my Father,
That laid Thy servant low;
It was Thy hand, my Father,
That dealt the chastening blow:
It was Thy mercy bade me rest
My weary soul awhile,
And every blessing I receive
Reflects Thy gracious smile.

It is Thy care, my Father,
That cherishes me now;
It is Thy peace, my Father,
That rests upon my brow:
It is Thy truth, Thy truth alone,
That gives my spirit rest,
And soothes me, like a happy child
Upon its mother's breast.

I have known youth, my Father,
Bright as a summer's day,
And earthly love, my Father,
But that, too, passed away:
Now life's small taper faintly burns,
A little flickering flame,
But Thine eternal love remains
Unchangeably the same."

Just as it ever was in his days of health, so was it now in his illness. "His kind consideration for all about him," wrote Dr. Forsyth, "his thoughtfulness, and his patience were so marked. He was so thankful for all that was done for him, repeatedly saying, 'You are all so kind, so kind.'"

"During his illness," writes his niece, Miss Baird, "his little cat lay on his bed, and even in his great suffering he would not move or turn, in case he should disturb it."

"By Thursday the 14th," wrote his nurse, "he was better again, and his temperature normal, and he was in such good spirits that he even said half playfully 'that he had twice over arranged all his last affairs, and given last wishes to Duncan Fisher, and that now he was still alive, and getting better.'

"But that afternoon he exerted himself a little too much in talking, which brought on a violent fit of coughing that suddenly raised the temperature very high, and from that time he began to get rapidly worse."

That morning Mr. Cowan had written to

Lord Blantyre: "The Master desires me to thank you for your last letter, and to tell you that he wants for nothing here, and that he is regaining his strength;" but he had to add to his letter, "I deeply regret, however, that since then, his condition has become one of extreme gravity. . . . He is not suffering much pain, and is quite clear-headed except at intervals. He frequently refers to you in terms of great affection, and expresses his gratitude to God for His great mercy and kindness. His patience is wonderful, and even now his thoughts are all for others."

To Lady Seafield, Dr. Hislop wrote:—

"On Thursday afternoon, in the Master's wanderings, he imagined himself to be on board the yacht. He had an attack of difficult breathing, but he rallied wonderfully, and on coming round he said, 'Thank you all very much; every one has been so kind, I thought it was the end.'"

At one time, when he was trying to give some directions to Mr. Cowan, which he could not quite catch, he asked, "Do you mean, Master, if the worst happens?" and

he replied, with his own beautiful smile, "No, if the *best* happens."

Dr. Forsyth, also, wrote to Lady Seafield:—

"Throughout the day the Master frequently spoke of his gratitude to his Redeemer, his absolute faith in Him, and his thankfulness for his Saviour's help in bearing his pain and illness. On Thursday night he had a bad turn of breathing, when I was alone with him, and he thought he was just going. He said then, 'Doctor, I have said good-bye to every one, but tell Lord Blantyre that Duncan Fisher (his head-shepherd) has been a faithful servant'; and a moment later he said, 'Lady Seafield; give her my love.'"

No shadow fell upon the brightness of his simple faith. "One must come to Christ as a little child," he said, and in that child-like trust he was ready either to live or to die, as seemed best to his Heavenly Father.

The long night wore on. "He wearied very much for midnight," wrote Dr. Hislop, "as he hoped there would be some change for the better then, and he asked every now and again, 'What is the time now?' When

midnight came, and there was not much improvement, he said, 'I am quite prepared; Jesus Christ is my Sun and my Shield. Meet me——' here his voice grew weak, and the rest of the sentence I could not catch, and he fell asleep for a few moments. From that time he began to wander, but he had lucid intervals."

When the morning began to dawn,

> "Over the purple mountains,
> A single silver line,"

the Master asked his nurse to draw up the blind, that he "might take a look out for the last time"; his silent farewell to the beautiful scene of the Highland home of his choice.

As the slow, sad hours of that last day went by, from time to time the Master spoke, to those who watched beside and nursed him with tender devotion—words of faith and hope: "I have such joy; all is so clear. Jesus will meet me at the River."

As the night came on again, and the Master evidently felt that his time was near, "I should have liked to have seen my dear old

father," he said; "but if he and my friends were with me, they could not go farther than my bed; but Christ will follow me across the Jordan."

"At eleven o'clock," wrote Dr. Hislop, "just before his last breath expired, he appeared to summon up all his energy, and regained a conscious and clear state for a minute. He shook hands with Dr. Forsyth and myself, and then he took hold of Mr. Cowan by the one hand, and Duncan Fisher by the other, and said, 'Good-night, good-bye; I am dying. Pull together, boys, when I am gone.' A moment later, 'Full steam ahead;' then he sank back on his pillow, and calmly passed away, the expression on his face, one of happiness and peace."

"Slacken not thy speed now
By inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land.
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam,—
Christian, cast anchor now,
Heaven is thy Home."

CHAPTER VI

FAREWELL

"The Master gone!
Gone into darkness, that full light
Of friendship! past, in sleep, away
By night, into the deeper night!
The deeper night? A clearer day
Than our poor twilight dawn on earth—
If night, what barren toil, to be!
What life, so maim'd by night, were worth
Our living out? Not mine to me—
Remembering all the golden hours
Now silent, and so many dead,
And him the last, and laying flowers,
This wreath, above his honoured head,
And praying that, when I from hence
Shall fade, with them, into the unknown,
My close of earth's experience
May prove as peaceful as their own."

TENNYSON.

To those at a distance the blow fell almost suddenly, for on Thursday morning reassuring telegrams were sent by the Master himself; and even when the evening telegram told of the relapse, we all still hoped against hope.

He knew that, with his father's delicate health, the long, anxious journey in that treacherous weather would involve a terrible risk, and also that his loving sisters were detained from his side by illness in their own homes, and he had refused to allow any other of his beloved ones to be summoned, directing that the telegrams should always be worded "as brightly as possible."

Thus it came to pass that to none, either relatives or friends, save those on the spot, was given the priceless comfort of nursing him in his last illness, of hearing those blessed words that fell from his dying lips, or of kneeling beside him when he fell asleep in Jesus.

Doubtless this trial for those who so deeply loved him, was permitted by the Lord of love, because He desired that His beloved one should at that supreme moment lean alone upon Himself.

On Friday the 15th of March, each telegram, through that long day, gave less and less hope.

On Saturday morning they ceased, and the silence was as the dread silence of death.

Later in the day came the message that ended all prayer for that precious life:—

"Master went peacefully to rest, at eleven o'clock last night."

Then we ceased, saying "The *will* of the Lord be done."

"Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am."

"Love craves the presence, and the sight, of every one beloved;
And *therefore* weep we in the homes whence they are far removed.
Love craves the presence, and the sight, of each beloved one;
And *therefore* Jesus spake the word that called them to His Throne:
'Father, I will that all Mine own, whom Thou hast given to Me,
Be with Me where I am, to share My dwelling-place with Thee.'"

When all was over, the strong men were shaken by sobs of grief. "I have seen many sick-beds," wrote Dr. Forsyth, "but none that affected me so much as his."

"It was most pathetic and touching," wrote Dr. Hislop. "I have never witnessed a death that I have felt so much."

"I never had a more kind, considerate,

generous-hearted, dear patient," wrote the nurse; "it does one's heart good to hear his people speak of him, and his loving-kindness to them. He was just one in a thousand. Duncan Fisher, his true-hearted servant and friend, who helped to nurse him by day and by night, was quite broken down by grief."

Mr. Douglas, the faithful friend for whose coming the Master was looking, and for whom he had sent his yacht to Oban, was on his way to Eilanreach.

He was suffering from influenza when the Master's illness began, or he would at once have gone to be with him. His arrival was now anxiously looked for by the grief-stricken group in that desolate house, where "lay the Master, newly dead."

It was getting late in the afternoon before the yacht came in sight, and a boat went out to meet it, with the mournful tidings, "The Master is gone."

The next day Mr. Douglas wrote to his wife:—

"You will understand that I can hardly bring myself to sit here, in this drawing-room, where for years past we have spent so many

happy and profitable hours. It seems so impossible to realise that he is not coming into the room, and with his cheery voice making some kind, thoughtful, or joking remark."

Then, after some details that have already been given, he continued that when the last relapse occurred, the Master had said to Dr. Hislop, "'The first time, I was ready to go, but this time I seem to wish to stay;' and then he referred to the spring of the year being such a beautiful time. How touching! for a man of his age.

"They told me that in his wanderings he again and again said that he was sure I would come.

"When I went into his room, it felt, oh! so cold and so dreary. There he lay, his face very very handsome, so young and calm, and a smile still lingered on it. We all joined in prayer.

"Later that night I saw him laid in his coffin. By his request, his plaid was thrown over it, and a cross of snowdrops and moss is resting upon it. Oh! all so very simple. He died, watched by the men who had been years with him, and who were devoted to him.

"This morning was one of those clear, bright days, which makes everything look in Glenelg as though it hardly belonged to an earth where sin was.

"I went to church, and Mactaggart made a most feeling reference to him. Then, as I walked home, a very touching incident occurred.

"By that point, just at the ford, opposite the boat-house, where his dogs used to meet him, I saw one of them come bounding out. I wondered what he would do; but on he came, up close to me, and then he looked so disappointed, and passed on.

"I am going to have a service here at six o'clock this evening, and I shall speak of the contrast between Psalms xc. and xci. The 90th tells of the fleeting uncertainty, and shortness of life; the 91st tells of the security, and the abiding character of 'the long life' of the child of God.

"To-morrow, twenty-four men, in sets of eight, will bear the Master to the boat at Quarry, followed by his household and friends."

As soon as it became known that the Master of Blantyre was dead, the mourning throughout the country was universal.

On Sunday, March 17th, Mr. Mactaggart, preaching to his sorrowing congregation, said :—

"This year has been full of anxiety and sorrow to many of us. Death has been busy in our midst. But little did any of us think a month or two ago, that to our sad death-roll should so soon be added the name of the Master of Blantyre. When he looked forward with joyous expectancy to the launching of the new steamer that he had built, not for profit nor for pleasure, but chiefly to benefit this and the surrounding districts, little did we then think that he should be cut off, before the work on which he had set his heart had been more than started.

"It is difficult to realise that he is gone. It is hard to believe that the heart which beat so warmly, is now cold and still, and that the hand which gave so liberally, is now held in the grasp of Death. For many of us it will be difficult to recognise Glenelg, without the all-pervading influence of that

strong personality. And no wonder if many hearts this day, here, and elsewhere, cry out—

> 'O for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still!'

"It was God's will to take him; what can we say but, 'God's will be done'?

"The Master having chosen agriculture as his special work, he devoted himself in no mere amateur fashion to the study of the subject, and managed his various farms in an eminently practical and business-like manner. Realising the dignity of honest labour, he set those in his employment an example of pains-taking diligence and steadfast perseverance, by his own daily work. While fitted by birth and position to take his place among the great of the land, he set himself to help the poor and the suffering. It was a noble ambition, and it was a proud distinction to win the name of 'the Poor Man's Friend.' That he did win it, is to-day amply testified by the many tributes to his memory, that rise unbidden from the lips of all around. Throughout the course of his illness, one could clearly see the affectionate hold he had of the hearts of all,

by the breathless eagerness to learn the latest news regarding his progress. Scarcely until then, did they know how closely he had entwined himself around their hearts.

"It is rarely that one meets with such large-hearted and such enlightened generosity as his. It is hard for the rich man, nursed in ease and comfort, to understood the wants of the poor —the many shifts made to keep the family respectable, and the weary, monotonous struggle to make both ends meet. The Master understood all this—understood it, almost by intuition, the intuition of a warm, sympathetic heart. He had a deep and ever-active sympathy with the poor, and took a kindly interest in everything that pertained to the good of the community at large, whom he was eager to help by every means that a clear mind, a generous heart, and a devout spirit could devise. He put working-men in the way of helping themselves by giving employment to many whom he did not really need at all; and one of his frequent perplexities was how to create work for these. He made the whole community his debtors by providing cheap food and fuel. The needs and the sufferings

of the people around he carried on his heart, and spared neither trouble nor expense in relieving them. Surely never suppliant approached him in vain, and no genuine cry of distress ever fell unheeded on his ears, and he was so thoughtful as often to anticipate the request. It was his mission to do good, and nobly he did it, giving not only his money and his goods, but giving also himself ungrudgingly, for the sake of his poorer brethren. No such generous benefactor have the working-classes of Glenelg ever seen: his like, they never expect to see again.

"No one who was associated with him in parochial work could fail to observe his strict impartiality, his great business capacity, and his zeal for the public good. It was no wonder, with such a record, that he earned, not only the warmest gratitude, but the absolute confidence of his fellow-parishioners.

"A few years ago, in the hearing of many of you, he told in simple language of his conversion, and of the joy that the new life had brought him. And both by word and example, he ever after sought to lead others to the Saviour, whom he had himself found.

The old story of God's love, and of Christ's sufferings, had for him a fresh, undying interest; and no portion of Scripture was more precious to him, than the beautiful 53rd chapter of Isaiah, with its picture of our blessed Saviour's sorrows endured for a sin-laden world. The faith that was his guiding star in life, was his stay and comfort in death. For him, death had no terror: it was but the entrance to glory.

"God grant that the lesson of his life may be deeply impressed upon each of us, and that it may stimulate us to follow, even though it be at a distance, in the same path. And, above all, may ours be that triumphant faith that shed a heavenly light around his deathbed, and that glorious hope that sustained him—the sure hope of the welcome awaiting him, from his Risen and Ascended Lord."

"How inexpressibly sad," writes the same friend, "is this calamity that has befallen us, in the untimely death of the Master of Blantyre! His loss to this parish is irreparable; every one acknowledges this,—for such a friend, the working-classes of Glenelg are

never likely to see again. It was touching to see the devotion of the people to him, and their intense affection for him. They mourn over him as over a departed relative. All work was suspended both on Saturday and to-day, as a mark of respect; and this was no cold, empty compliment, for I know that the people had not the heart to do anything.

"It is almost impossible to realise that he is gone. He was such a power in the place, such an influence for good, that the parish is not the same at all without him.

"No doubt our loss is his gain, for he might well say, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' And this is our comfort, that he now resteth well, on the bosom of Everlasting Love; but the human heart will ache, and our eyes cannot but fill with tears, as we think of him who has left us."

Notice that the Master of Blantyre's funeral would leave Eilanreach at six o'clock on Monday evening, having been given in the different churches, a large gathering assembled, notwithstanding a continuous downpour of rain throughout the day.

Tea (it having been the Master's express wish, "Now, mind, no whisky") was prepared for all.

At the appointed hour, the coffin was brought out, and set down on the grass in front of his house, amongst the people.

Mr. Morrison, the minister of Kintail, offered prayer in Gaelic; Mr. Watson, Free Church minister of Glenelg, read Isaiah liii. in English, and drew attention to the sixth verse, "All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all"—words which the Master had said he liked, of all words in the Bible.

Then Mr. Mactaggart prayed; and the bearers took up their precious burden, still with his own green plaid for its pall, and the mournful procession set forth. The three ministers led the way, and there followed Dr. Hislop, Mr. Cowan, and a few friends; then the children of his school; and, lastly, about two hundred people from the surrounding districts.

There would have been numbers more, had there been time for longer notice; and had

the stormy day not prevented those from Loch Alsh, from getting over the water.

Slowly and sadly they moved along, across the bridge above the rushing river, and out from under the shadow of Beinn a Chapuill and Ben Scriol—those mountains which he loved, and over whose rugged sides he would climb, with firm foot, and steady eye—and along the road that skirts the bay, until they reached the shore.

Here the Master's coffin was placed in his own white boat, (so familiar to all his friends,) and a second boat accompanied it, carrying his own men.

Then the crowd of mourners gathered round, pressing down to the edge of the waves. The silence was intense, the very oars seemed to make no sound, and with straining eyes, they followed the boats moving slowly across to the *Eilanreach*, lying at anchor in the bay.

Silently and reverently, the coffin was raised over the ship's side; and they lost sight of all that had remained to them of their best and dearest friend—a moment which unnerved the strongest amongst them.

Darkness coming on added to the solemnity of the scene; and the people slowly dispersed, and were lost in the gloom.

> "Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
> And waves that sway themselves in rest,
> And dead calm in that noble breast,
> Which heaves but with the heaving deep."

The *Eilanreach*, "with her dark freight, a vanished life," went on her way to Glasgow, and from thence, by Wednesday evening, those in charge had reached Bolton, in Haddingtonshire, the burial-place of Lord Blantyre's family.

There, in the parish church, awaiting the service of the morrow,

> "Cold and still, in his coffin, the prince of courtesy lay,"

under his green plaid, now almost hidden by the many beautiful wreaths, sent by his relations, friends, and servants—last tokens of their love, grief, devotion, and reverence.

On Thursday, March 21st, in the presence of a large gathering from the neighbourhood, a number of tenants from the Lennoxlove estate, and several others who had travelled

long distances thus to testify their respect, the Master of Blantyre's funeral took place.

The following letters give the details of that solemn afternoon :—

From Rev. Sholto D. C. Douglas to Lord Blantyre.

"En Route from Edinburgh,
March 22, 1895.

"My very dear Lord Blantyre,—Everything at Bolton was accomplished as I think you would have wished. That good, faithful Mr. Cowan carried out all to the letter, and Mr. Stuart of Eaglescairnie had left nothing unthought of. The parish minister was there to receive us, and also, to my very great satisfaction, the parish minister of Glenelg. I read the psalm, the parish minister the lesson; then I gave a short address, in which I just read some of his last words. I could not trust myself to do much more. But I hope I was able to convey to the friends assembled, a just idea of the really triumphant state of his soul. I could not venture to speak of his wonderful tenderness and thought for all around; it quite broke down those

attending him. 'You are all so kind,' again and again he said. Even the very animals he thought of. The cat lay on his bed, and he would not move, lest he should disturb it!

"Never, never shall I have such a friend, such a strong personality. One thing I must not forget to tell you. He was so delighted by your visit to the yacht, and said, 'Was it not nice of my dear, kind old father to go to see her?'

"David Baird took charge, for you, of his plaid, which, according to his wish, had been thrown over him as a pall. Walter was laid in a beautifully prepared grave, with moss on the sides.

"I have omitted to say, that after the address I asked the minister of Glenelg to pray. Then the hymn 'For ever with the Lord' was sung very well, led by a choir of men.

"All was so simple, and in keeping with his life and his wishes. 'Let it be quite plain and simple,' he had said, and so it was. The wreaths were placed on him, and a heart of blood-red tulips, with some white

flowers coming out of it, made by Violet, was at the head.

"Never did I with firmer faith or more assurance use the words of the committal prayer; never did any father have more clear evidence, never did relative or friend have more Scriptural confidence for saying, 'We therefore commit his body to the ground . . . in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection, when the dead in Christ shall hear the shout, the voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God, and shall be caught up to be for ever with the Lord.' Wherefore let us 'comfort one another with these words.'—Your affectionate

"SHOLTO DOUGLAS."

From Lord Cassillis.

"CULLEN, *March* 24, 1895.

"MY DEAR MARNY,—I thank you very much for your sympathy. It is indeed a joy to know that he is safe with his Saviour, in 'fulness of joy,' but oh! how deeply we miss him, with his noble, tender, manly ways!

"Uncle David and I travelled down together. Dear Grandfather was too ill to be able to come with us. David Baird met us in Edinburgh.

"At the station at Haddington we met Mr. and Mrs. Sholto Douglas, Mr. Davidson of Inchmarlo, and several others, and we all drove on to Bolton. We brought several wreaths, a lovely cross from Aline, and a beautiful wreath from Father and Belle.

"In the church, after Mr. Service, the parish minister, had read the lesson, Mr. Douglas gave a beautiful address. He said that, to comfort Uncle Walter's friends, he would read to them some of his last words, which he did; but he was so much affected that several times I was afraid that he would break down altogether. He said that he personally mourned him very much, for he was such a fine, noble character; how he never thought of himself; how he worked for Christ and the people; how, in fact, he had given up his life for the people, for that it was in taking them provisions and necessaries, he caught his death chill; how he had built his boat for this very purpose; how he had

built the Mission Hall for them, and provided them with missionaries; and he went on to say, 'And now he is with his Redeemer,' and he begged us all to meet him there.

"Then Mr. Mactaggart prayed, and we sang that lovely hymn, 'For ever with the Lord.' Then, at the vault, Mr. Douglas read the final part of the service, Uncle David took the plaid, to bring it to dear Grandfather, then we lowered him tenderly down, took a last farewell look at the coffin, and then went out.

"Now I am hearing more and more how the Master is missed, not only at Glenelg, but throughout the Highlands, Inverness, Strathspey, Sutherland, and elsewhere. He did so much to improve Glenelg while he was there. He made the post-path from Ardintoul, and kept it in repair, and got a daily post provided. He also secured a telegraph-wire, by giving a large guarantee. He built good houses for his shepherds. He kept three pairs of horses that were quite unnecessary for himself, but he used to plough the crofters' lands for them, and he grew potatoes, oats, and turnips in order to

give the people employment, for, as he told me, it would have been much cheaper if he had bought them. I dare say you know that he provided them with coals at eight shillings a ton, though, with the freight, it had cost him at least ten shillings, and he used also to cart it to their houses.

"When I was at Eilanreach last November, he was getting up a horse and cattle show, not only for the farmers, but for the crofters as well. It was to be an annual one, and the first was to be held in next September.

"He used to take a leading part in the Parochial Board. When anything went wrong, it was to him they always came for advice and help.

"This winter he himself conducted magic-lantern entertainments for the people in the Mission-Room.

"He was also, as you well know, very anxious about their spiritual welfare. He used to say to me, what a pity it was that they all did not realise John iii. 16, and that any of them should think that they had still to be doing something for their

salvation, whereas everything was done for them.

"If people were sick, he used to visit them, and send them food. He used to lend them money to enable them to get over bad times.

"He was very much distressed at the evil effects of drink amongst them. Before his last illness he had left off giving any whisky to his men.

"How generous he was, how thoughtful for every one! He had promised the people that he would take them in turn, this summer, on his yacht, that they might all have a trip to Glasgow. I remember one time last December, when we went to Arnisdale in the yacht with coal, one of the men thanked him very heartily for his kindness, and he said, with one of his bright smiles, 'Not at all; you have nothing to thank me for; I am only too glad.'

"If he thought that men in his employ would get on better elsewhere, he used to get posts for them in other places, though he missed their services very much; and he used to get places for such of the young men of

the village, as he found willing to go and earn their livelihood.

"He has left me his Bible, with passages marked by himself—and also all his pipes. Mr. Cowan told me at the funeral, that he was to tell me that the Master often thought of, and talked about me.

"Then, you know how he used to accompany Aunt Seafield whenever she travelled between Cullen and Castle Grant, although to manage it he used to leave home at one o'clock in the night, in all seasons and in all weathers; and for years (after her son's death) he wrote to her every day, until latterly, when she knew how very busy he was, he yielded to her entreaty, and only wrote on every other day. I am so glad that you are writing the sketch of Uncle Walter. — Believe me, your affectionate CASSILLIS."

From Mr. Cowan to Lady Baird.

"You would like to know how much the Master thought of your kindness in the things you sent him. He repeatedly asked me if I was sure I had thanked you for doing so, and said it was so thoughtful of you.

"He frequently spoke as one not likely to recover, and there cannot be the slightest doubt as to Whose he was, and Whom he sought to serve.

"He expressed such perfect faith in the Lord's goodness, and said he was sure that Jesus would meet him at the River.

"The thoughtfulness for others, and forgetfulness of self, which so marked him in health, never for a moment deserted him throughout his illness.

"His loss cannot yet be realised here, his influence over all was so great; the whole place seems changed and desolate. We can never hope to see his like again."

From Mr. Cowan.

"EILANREACH, *March* 25, 1895.

"During the time of the Master's illness, I was always desirous to keep you well advised of his condition, as I knew from his own lips, you would be filled with anxiety; and in his illness, he often referred to you with every evidence of a deep and son-like affection; and in his wanderings we heard him telling us to take good care of you.

"The snowdrops which you had sent him, were made up, by the nurse, into a wreath in the form of a cross, which was laid, as a first tribute of love, upon his bed."

"If Faith came not, to hold our hands,
How weary we should be,
Walking across the desert sands
That bound the narrow sea,—
Whilst, one by one, the best beloved
Pass over, Lord, to Thee."

CHAPTER VII

A LAST MESSAGE

"We will go forth and conquer,
Depending on His grace;
The lowliest station near Him
Must be an honoured place;
And after battle, victory,
And after victory, rest—
Like the beloved Apostle,
Upon the Saviour's breast!'

DEAR friends, who knew and loved the Master of Blantyre, "he being dead, yet speaketh"—

"JESUS CHRIST IS MY SUN AND MY SHIELD. MEET ME."

By that Saviour's Grace, *I* will—will not *you?*

It will be when the sheep are parted from the goats, and are folded by the Good Shepherd; when the Ransomed of the Lord have returned, and have come with singing unto Zion; when the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father; and

when the Heavenly Bridegroom has taken home the whole company of the redeemed, the blessed and holy, who are called to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

To-day—now—at this moment—is the Day of Salvation. The Saviour of the world, the Saviour of the lost, is saying to you, Highlanders, Lowlanders, men and women and children too, here, there, and everywhere —"Come unto Me, and I will give you Rest" —Pardon, Peace, Life Everlasting, to begin at this moment by believing on Him, taking Him at His word, and telling Him that you do.

The *one* thing worth doing, in this world of disappointment, sorrow, suffering, and death, is to "find Christ," and "blessing, rest, and peace, in Him."

The way is clear, for He Himself is standing at the Gate, and holding it wide open for you. Behold Him stretching forth His hand to you—His pierced hand. Can you have the heart to put it aside? He died for you.

And now He asks you to believe Him, when He tells you, that whatever your past

sins may have been, He has loved you with an everlasting love, and that His blood cleanseth from all sin.

Then live henceforth as those washed in that precious blood of Christ, *should* live—live, to "walk *worthy of God!* Who has called you unto His kingdom, and glory": live, continually for every need, great or small, a life of faith upon the Son of God, Who loved you, and gave Himself for you—live, so constantly "looking unto Jesus" that you shall reflect His likeness, and all around you will see that God Himself has said to you, "ARISE, SHINE! FOR THY LIGHT IS COME, AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE."

ADDENDA

"Not narrowly men's claims to measure,
But questions daily all his powers,
To whose cup can he add a pleasure?
Whose path can he make bright with flowers?
Gives freely of his very best,
Not barely, what the need may be,
But, for the joy of making blest,—
Has learnt to love, and give, like Thee."

Author of "The Three Wakings," &c.

From "The Northern Chronicle" of March 20, 1895.

"THE death of the Hon. the Master of Blantyre, at the premature age of forty-three, is an event which has created a feeling of sadness and profound regret in many parts of the Highlands, and wherever he was known.

"Those who were familiar with his stalwart figure, and healthful appearance, will be surprised that this fell disease so quickly undermined a constitution, apparently of robust vitality; but, it was the second attack of the same dread malady, made when his rallying power had been weakened.

"In Glenelg, the news caused deep and widespread grief; and in Sutherlandshire, where the Master was also well known and loved, the sad tidings gave quite a shock to a large portion of the community."

From his childhood he had shown the fearless hardihood and love of adventure, which were distinguishing traits in his after-life.

All his interests were connected with outdoor occupations, and whilst he was still very young, he began to take a keen interest in farming, and to make it his pursuit, first in Argyllshire, and afterwards, in his nineteenth year, in Australia.

Of this time in his life, there is a little record in the following letter to Sir David Baird, from Sir James Fergusson, then Governor of South Australia :—

"Walter Stuart came to me at Adelaide in 1869 and 1870, and after staying a little while, he said he would like to remain with me. I made him an extra A.D.C. He was a most pleasant inmate, both to myself and to Lady Edith.

"An expedition into the far interior, towards Queensland, was undertaken by the police, on account of a report that a party with cattle, had got into trouble. He joined it from a love of adventure, the police officer in charge undertaking that he should not run into needless danger; but, in fact, they must have been in some danger at last, for they had to leave their main body behind, and only the officer and Walter went on with the blacks, or there may have been another. At last they became convinced that the blacks were drawing them on, and that there were no Europeans or cattle to be found, and on their way back they had to live for a week chiefly on lizards. When he got to the telegraph, he heard that my wife was dying, and hurried on to see her, for which he arrived in time. This was in September 1871.

"He remained some months afterwards with me, and then left; going off alone on horseback, with a led horse, on a long trip, but through settled districts.

"I was extremely grieved to hear of his death, as we retained a warm mutual regard."

The Master of Blantyre had always a great delight in travelling. Later in his career, he went round the world,

climbed the Rocky Mountains, met with not a few adventures, had some hairbreadth escapes, and saw some of the finest scenery in America, New Zealand, and other countries.

"Subsequently," says the *Northern Chronicle*, "he returned to Scotland, and settled down as tenant of the large sheep farm of Sciberscross, where he remained for over a dozen years, where he enjoyed a popularity quite unique, and where his memory will be treasured with a grateful affection, and a profound respect, rarely cherished towards any individual. From the moment he came to Sciberscross, the Rogart people, and all others privileged with his acquaintance, found that a gentleman of rare gifts of head and heart, had come to reside in the locality, and, as time passed, the favour and esteem with which he was regarded, rapidly deepened and extended. His active impartial interest in parochial matters, his unwearying helpfulness to the poor, and his frequent assistance to others in need of aid to tide over a temporary difficulty, as also the genial, kindly frankness, that uniformly characterised his manner towards all people, secured for him, to ar unusual degree, the warm regard and sincere respect of all sections of the population, and when it became known that he purposed leaving Sciberscross, expressions of heartfelt regret were frequent on every hand. As a member of the School Board of Rogart, and as captain of the local volunteer company, he gave ample evidence of his methodical business habits, and of his being endowed, to a remarkable extent, with the faculty of winning, and retaining, the fond regard and dutiful devotedness of his fellow-creatures; and one of the very many proofs of his extraordinary popularity that might be given, is found in the fact, that very soon after his acceptance of the captaincy of the Rogart volunteers, the strength of the

company advanced by rapid strides, until it became numerically more than double what it previously was, and far and away the strongest company in the battalion.

"Certain of the experiences of the recent snowstorm must have recalled with special emphasis to many in Rogart—and in other portions of Sutherland as well—a very praiseworthy and memorable illustration of the rare desire to help and befriend, which invariably characterised the most estimable nobleman who has been so early taken away. In the winter and spring of 1879–80, a period, as the reader may remember, during which there prevailed a snowstorm quite phenomenal alike in its severity and continuance, many in Rogart, as in other localities, experienced very considerable difficulty in procuring provender for their cattle, while not a few, even had the required supply been easily accessible, were without the means of purchasing it; and some indeed there were, who on that occasion, and in consequence of the very trying nature of the weather, found it far from easy to meet the food requirements of their homes. To all thus situated, the Master of Blantyre proved a friend indeed, in the most prompt, unostentatious, and substantial manner, and a well-merited and becoming recognition was made when, at a very large and most enthusiastic public meeting in Rogart, he was presented with an illuminated address, and a handsome silver salver, with suitable inscriptions, as tokens of the heartfelt gratitude and deep regard cherished towards him by all classes in the parish and neighbourhood. What he was as a master, his shepherds and other servants, who time after time spoke with deepest gratitude, and manifest admiration, of his uniform kindness and his consideration, are well aware, and they, like all others who had an opportunity of knowing how unselfish he was, how considerate in the matter

of other people's feelings, and how truly noble he was in disposition and deeds, will feel sadly how great a blank the death of the Master of Blantyre creates, and how a great deal of what is bright and generous and helpful is taken away by his death.

"His attractive qualities of head and heart, his practical and helpful recognition of his duties to his fellow-creatures of all classes, and his constant, and always properly self-respecting readiness, to work with, and for, others of all grades, for the good of all, not only won for him the esteem and gratitude of his poorer neighbours, but should be held in grateful remembrance amongst those with whom, by right of birth and title, he had his place; for a life such as his, led by a representative of an old family and title, could not fail to draw closer the ties between class and class, and to strengthen bonds that are the best security for our country's stability and greatness.

"To all who knew him, the world will seem much poorer, much less bright, without him, and his memory will long, very long, be treasured by them, with an affectionate esteem and a grateful regard that it would be difficult to exaggerate."

THE LATE HONOURABLE THE MASTER OF BLANTYRE

[*From the "Oban Times," by a Fisherman.*]

"ARNISDALE, GLENELG, *April* 22, 1895.

"SIR,—The parents, guardians, and friends of the children attending the Arnisdale Public School, openly desire to express their deep sense of the unspeakable loss the children, and the district at large, have sustained in the death of the late Honourable the Master of Blantyre. For the last nine years, during the winter and spring months, the children attending the above school were daily supplied with broth, beef, and biscuit, through the generosity of the late honourable gentleman. The children's wants being in a thoughtful way thus attended to, marked improvement was seen in their condition, and in the regularity of attendance. During the nobleman's tenure of the Eilanreach farm, he at all times, and on all occasions, manifested himself in a sympathising and liberal manner, and proved himself to be the poor man's true friend in need indeed. The hospitality of his home at Eilanreach, will be sadly missed by many far and near. His large and sympathetic heart, together with hand and purse, were open and ready at all times to relieve the distressed and needy. With the sick and the infirm his help was ever near. He took an active and self-denying interest in all things pertaining to the welfare of the district, and many improvements were effected there during his time, and particularly on the Eilanreach farm, which he tenanted. He was a member of the Parochial and School Boards,

and a County Councillor and J.P., as well as being nominated for the Parish Council. But, alas! in the midst of his useful and promising life, it pleased God to call him away. And the sorrow and gloom his death has caused among young and old, shall not with the living generation be forgotten. To show a little of the interest and delight he always took in the poor man's cause, he shortly before his death, purchased the new s.s. *Eilanreach*, for the express purpose of giving the crofter fishermen of the district, the advantage and facility of getting their goods to and from the markets at a nominal rate; and particularly the Arnisdale people, who never before had direct and regular communication with the southern markets. As a neighbour, the late honourable gentleman was unsurpassingly obliging and thoughtful at all times and seasons; and immediately on his becoming tenant of Eilanreach, no time was lost in starting expensive and lasting improvements; thereby employing the people of the district, and greatly alleviating the distress then prevailing. During the ten years the district had the honour and privilege of the nobleman's stay, they had a friend of whom the world is proud. In making the above inadequate allusion to the memory of the late nobleman, it is unquestionably true that never in his life was it known that he refused to listen to, or grant the desire of, a deserving appeal. The self-sacrificing and self-denying life that was by many hoped was in store for him, was suddenly and prematurely cut short. All his actions as a philanthropist, his humbleness in life, and his pure designs, will be a living monument to his memory. The sorrow of all classes of the community goes forth to mourn his loss.—I am, &c.,

"JOHN MACGILLIVRAY."

The following letter from Mr. Cowan, received when this little book was already in the press, illustrates, not alone the Master of Blantyre's ready kindness of heart, but it adds also a touch of that chivalrous reverence for women, which was a distinguishing feature of his character:—

"*May* 20, 1895.

"On my last journey south, the purser of the steamer told me, that one bitterly cold winter's day, a number of years ago, as the ferry-boat of Glenelg was waiting to take passengers ashore, a gentleman, followed by his Highland servant, came along. As he was stepping into the boat, he saw a poor woman and her child crouched upon the deck, shivering. He at once took off his plaid, and threw it over them, going ashore himself with only a light coat as a protection. On making inquiries afterwards, as to who the gentleman was, the purser learned that it was the Master of Blantyre.

"The dogs and cats still miss their master, greatly. His favourite dog 'Brora' is not very well just now, and I think that grief is partly the cause.*

"I am looking forward to the sketch of the Master which you are writing. It might easily grow into a volume, and yet be insufficient to record the many good and charitable deeds, always so readily performed by the beloved Master."

* On the 31st of May, Mrs. Douglas writes:—"Cassillis has been here, telling us so many little things about his Uncle Walter, showing our dear friend in such a grand light of daily self-denial—his *cold* porridge, when he came in from his work, at five o'clock in the morning, rather than get the maids up so early, and his keeping to the roughest fare for himself, whilst providing all sorts of good things for his guests.

"Alas, 'Brora' is no more! notwithstanding all that they could do to save him. I believe he died of the loss of his Master."

SE REACHIBH GOIRID

1. Ceud, Na dean dearmad air urnuigh lathail, uignich agus air dhuit urnuigh a dheanamh, Thoir fanear gu bheil Dia au lathair, agus gun cluinn E t, urnaigh. (Eubh. xi. 6.)

2. Na dean dearmad air leughad a Biobull gach la, Oir nuair a tha u Cughadh thoir—fo near gu bheil Dia san faveal a labhairt ruit. Agus gu bheil u re creidsin agus re dheanamh do reir mar tha E labhairt ruit. (Eoin v. 39.)

3. Na tabhair do Criosdalachd o Criosdadhibh, na bheil thusa mar sin do brigh gu bheill an neach ud sa neach ud eile deanamh ni ud na ni eile, uime siu feudadh thusa dheanamh. (Matt. v. 13–16.)

4. Feorich dhiot feinn ciod a dheanamh Chriosd ann am aite, uime sin dean stri agus diochob chum eiseamplair leantinn. (Eoin x. 27, and 2 Cor. x. 12.)

5. Ma tha u, n teagamh mo ni sam bith gun fios agud gu bheil an ni ceart no dochar, Lub do glun aun an urnuigh re Dia, agus asluich a bheanachd air, mar urrin u so, dheanamh tha ni dochar. (Rom. xiv. 23.)

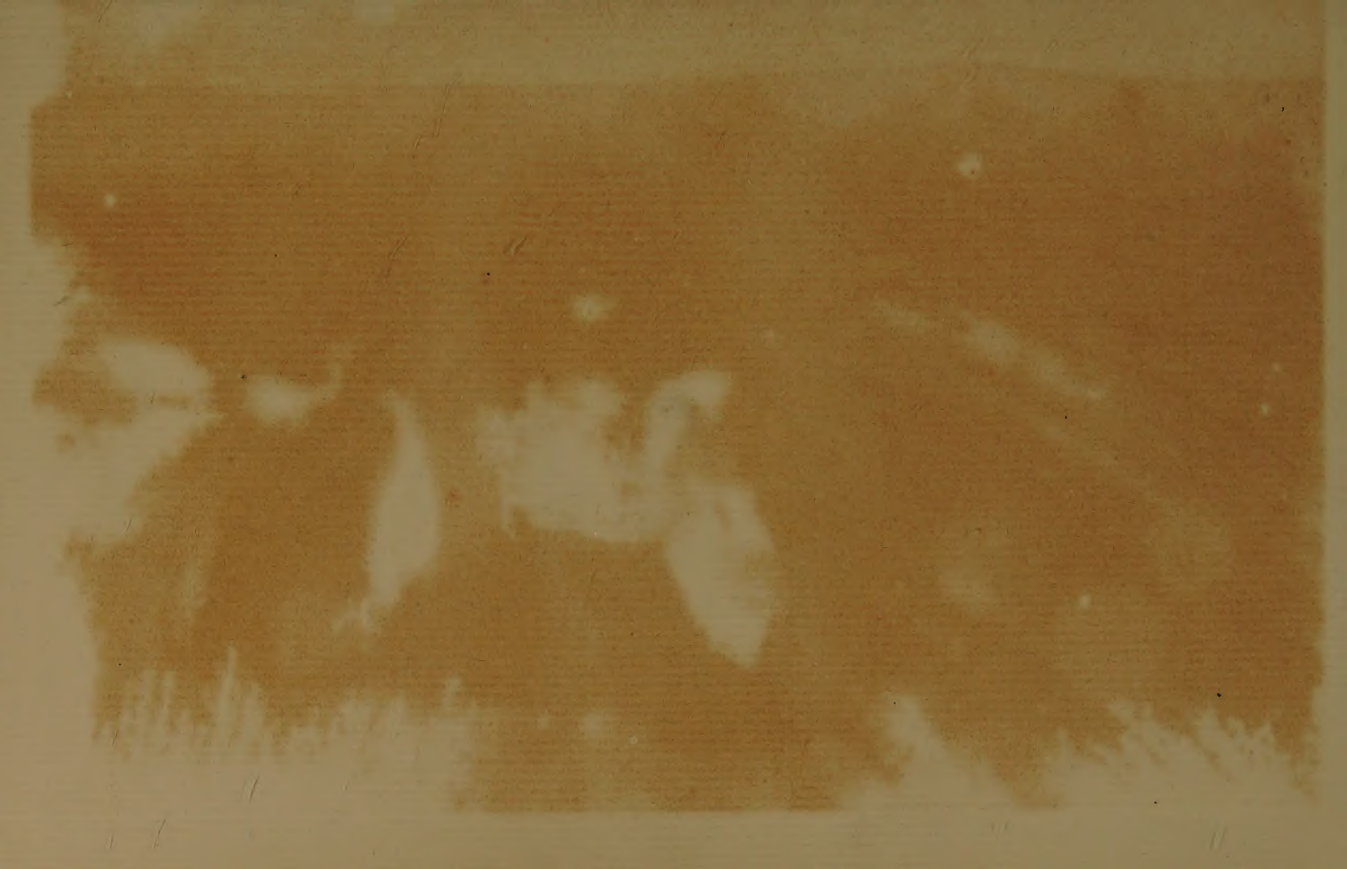
6. Na tabhair creidas gu brath do ni sam bith tha u fairichinn tha calg deirich an aghadh faveal Dhia, ceasnich u feinn, am bheil a comasachd gu bheil an ni tha mi fairichinn fior, agus mar feud iad far aon bhe fior, Creid Dia agus dean do Cridhe feinn na breugaire. (1 Eoin v. 10, 11, and Romans iii. 4.)

A PRAYER much loved, and often prayed, by Walter Stuart, and marked by his own hand:—

Saviour of sinners, Thou hast said, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." I come. Take me, a lost sinner, and save me, *now*. Oh, wash away all my sins in Thy precious blood, and I shall be whiter than snow; and give me Thy HOLY SPIRIT, to dwell in me.

And now help me to take Thee at Thy word, and to rejoice in God my Saviour! Amen.

"Become my rejoicing, my stronghold of love,
My aim, and my end;
My glory on earth, and my glory above,
O JESUS, my Friend."



SOLA JUVAT VIRTUS